

**The Battlefield**  
William Cullen Bryant

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;  
The eternal years of God are her's;  
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,  
And died among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,  
When those who helped thee flee in fear,  
Die full of hope and manly trust,  
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,  
Another hand the standard wave,  
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed  
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave!

\*\* Portions of Bryant's poem were quoted in a speech given by an African American minister at the protest rally organized by Timothy T. Fortune on November 17, 1898 in New Jersey. The poem was originally published in the *United States Democratic Review*, v.1#1, printed in New York by J & HG Langley, in October, 1837.